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I follow you into town in my car and that way I can drive you back out in the car and you won't freeze on your cycle?" JVB: "Good idea." We packed the saw and gas can & such into the trunk of my car & set out. John followed me on his cycle -- he was very close to the car & knew that I knew that he was there and so he knew that it was safe. We went into Carbondale via the Owegy Turnpike, primarily because there was someone ahead of me who was poking along and I didn't want to go down the Dundaff hill at 10 miles an hour behind a pokey driver. At 46 Canaan we descended to the cellar & John took the saw apart & repaired it; even sharpened the blades. He suggested that he get his sleeping bag and spend the night at Eldale -- "that way," said JVB, "we can get an early start on cutting trees in the morning." SFP: "Excellent idea." John gathered up his sleeping bag, a very compact television/stereo/tape player that his maternal grandmother gave him during his recent trip to Indiana, and off we went. When we arrived back here, it was too late to cut any more trees and so we directed our energies to inside activities. SFP: "I have a fair amount of slides that you have never seen projected. Why don't we look at some of them?" JVB: "Good idea." I showed JVB the slides that I showed at J.R. this year -- they were still in the projector & then I projected about 80 slides of JVB & family. SFP: "I have a whole bunch of slides here that I have put together into a program that I call -- 'My friend John.'" We looked at the slides -- &

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projected them on the west wall -- the projector was on the dining room table. The Kerosene heater was going and also plugged in the oil filled electric radiator, and we sat near that and were very comfortable. When the slide show was over, I suggested that we have something to eat. We had some Japanese soup -- roast pork flavor, and also some of WSP's tomatoes. John ate two or three of them and ate an apple. I was more French in my approach: I sliced two or three and put them on a plate & put basil & olive oil on them. We sat at the dining room table and ate the soup -- naturally we used chopsticks for the noodles & then spoon. When we had finished the soup I announced that the next course would be a vegetable course. SFP: "On this day in 1620, the Pilgrim sailed from Plymouth, England. To commemorate the day, I have decided to eat an acorn squash." We went into the kitchen and I cut an acorn squash in quarters and put it in a pot of boiling water. As it boiled, I separated the seeds from the pulp, which I removed before putting the squash in the boiling water. John decided to eat a few of the raw seeds; he remarked: "Try some of these seeds. You won't believe what they taste like." I did, and they taste, we concluded, very much like a melon. I spread out the seeds on paper napkins for drying and by that time the squash was just about cooked. When it was I put a piece for each of us -- about 1/4 of a squash -- on two of my blue Japanese plates. Butter, salt & pepper on each piece. JVB had never eaten acorn squash before and nevertheless he picked up his spoon